



JUMPING KANGAROO AND APPLE BUTTER CAT

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.
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The Ant's Aunt Gives a Picnic.
The ant's aunt had to give a picnic, because she had been invited to so many places by all her relatives, and she

far before he became red in the face with anger. "Get off my hat!" all the ants heard him say. "How dare you sit on a poor ant's hat, like that! Haven't you any manners?"

"What is the matter, Benjamin?" asked the ant's aunt, picking up her cane and hobbling toward her husband.

"This miserable man came this way and stepped right on the table, and when he lifted up his foot everything was ruined."

"Come on, children," said Uncle Benjamin. "Let us all go back to the picnic. After he has treated us this way, he deserves that we should tease him and all his family."

That is the reason that when men and women give picnics all the ants in the neighborhood go and plague them.

DRESSING DOLL BABIES.

Miss Pelham Is Supreme in Providing Wardrobes For China, Wax and Rag Babies—She Loves Every Dolly, and Always Kisses Her Customers Adieu.

Miss Louise Pelham of Chicago is the "Queen of Dolls," and all because she makes the most captivating costumes for the ultra fashionable bique beauties of the World's Fair City. As a school girl she won interna-

Chicago is getting back its breath.

The sphere of activity of William Jennings Bryan, Jr., has been transferred from Chicago to Lincoln. Mike, the celebrated tomcat of the Auditorium hotel, which was the storm center of most of the young man's exploits, has emerged from the coal cellar and massaged his tail down to its proper proportions. There is peace at police headquarters, and the hospitals have stopped responding to hurry calls from the Auditorium, says the Chicago correspondent of the Philadelphia North American.

Young Mr. Bryan lived twenty years too late. Had he been on earth two decades ago and in the enjoyment of his present good health, Peck's Bad Boy would have borne another name. That's what Chicago says, anyway.

The capers and escapades of William while he was in Chicago would fill a book. During his sojourn William attracted more attention than his case. All of the newspapers, after General Joe Wheeler caught him in the act of hanging by his toes from the sill of an eighth-story window, assigned their best men to report the proceedings. After it was all over William was graciously pleased to tell a Lincoln newspaper man that Chicago met with his approval.

"It's a pretty good city," said William. "The papers had a lot to say about me, but there was nothing in it. They've got a fair swimming place there, but we've got a better one here in Lincoln. Still, it's a fair town."

While his father was planning the campaign with his political friends and allies William, who is 12 years old, got acquainted with the elevator man at the Auditorium. He hung the siren song of immortality and his confidence. When the elevator man wasn't looking William jerked the lever and sent the car bounding up at the rate of a mile a minute. It stopped at the top with a jar that rattled the elevator man's teeth and changed his political convictions. William smiled blandly and ventured the remark that "darned old thing got away from him."

The reporters who were slouching his father was politely referred to by William in his conversation as "rubber-necks." Then Mike, the cat, got into the frame. He, too, was unbothered by William's bland and child-like manner. Before he realized what had happened William had shoved his head into a French vase and was essaying to convert the cat's tail into the similitude of a true lover's knot. Mike hid him away to the coal cellar and abided there until William had gone.

The elevated road and the elephant to Lincoln park came in for a share of William's attention.

"Give me that spike! I want him to trot," commanded William of the man who was steering the elephant with a huge goad. The man unhesitatingly relinquished the goad, and William immediately sunk it to the hilt in the elephant's side. The elephant started off to lower the unspaced mile record. Several nice little Chicago children with pink frocks and bare legs who occupied procumbent boxes on the elephant's back were scared into an appalling state of business about the face. After the elephant had knocked over three summer houses, a dozen chairs and menaced a score of baby carriages the man with the goad succeeded in subduing the animal.

"That was the time we rattled their slats, wasn't it?" sweetly said William.

One morning William got up early.

FISHING WITH BIRDS.

The Chinaman Uses Cormorants to Catch His Prey, and When Out For Turtles He Makes the Sucking Fish Do His Work.

In this country the fisherman is a man who uses hook and line or the net in following his profession, and folks would stare with wonder to see him start off with a flock of birds to help in catching fish. Yet this is done in China. There the Chinaman may be seen in his sampan, surrounded by cor-



CATCHING FISH WITH BIRDS.

morants which have been trained to dash into the water at his order, seize the fish and bring them to the boat. Should a cormorant capture a fish too large for it to carry alone, the Chinaman will go to its assistance and together they will bring it in.

If the Chinaman wishes to catch turtles he will do so with the aid of a sucking fish or remora. This fish has on top of its head a long disc or sucker, by which it attaches itself beneath moving objects, such as sharks, whales and the bottoms of ships, rather than make the effort necessary to independent movement.

The fisherman fastens the remora to a long cord tied to a branch about its tail, and when he reaches the turtle ground, puts it overboard, taking care to keep it from the bottom of the boat. When a turtle passes near the remora

and, aided and abetted by a close personal friend among the bellobes, enjoyed a ride upon the back of a frisky 2-year-old colt owned by Tod Sloan. When he got back he paid a formal call upon General Wheeler at his office in the Army building.

"Amuse yourself, William," said the general. William did. He spiced a few hundred small rubber bands together, hitched a chair caster to the end and dangled the apparatus out of the window. The game was to hit pedestrians on the head. He scored high and collected a mob on the sidewalk. In the act of angling after a bald-headed man who was walking along without a hat, William slipped. His general grabbed a window sill. General Wheeler grabbed him and hauled the lad back.

"Gracious! In another minute you'd have been in pieces down there," said



William J. Bryan Jr.

the general, when his respiration became normal.

"You made me miss that man," said William, reproachfully.

One afternoon Mr. Bryan took William out riding in an automobile. He had friends with her, so William had to sit with the operator.

"I want to, Ma; please let me, Ma; please do."

"No, William, you'd better not," replied Mrs. Bryan. "You haven't a license, and the police might arrest you."

William grew confidential with the operator. The operator was not touched by flattery or cajolery. A compromise was finally arrived at, by virtue of which, in consideration of his foregoing his right to run the automobile, he was permitted to preside over the fong. He did. If any one within a mile failed to realize that the Bryan automobile was coming it was a dead man who was nearly run down, because William kicked the steering lever and altered the course of the vehicle, causing it to pass close under the dead man's bow.

At the end of the ride the operator turned in a requisition for a new bill. William went to bed early under partial duress on the last night of his stay at the Auditorium. He was locked in and the windows were nailed down. A bellboy stood guard at the door. After he had investigated the electric light so assiduously as to cause the breaking of a circuit and the extinguishing of half a hundred lights on the floor, William retired. He arrived safely in Lincoln.

General Apathy.
(New York Evening Post.)

On the whole, the general apathy is not surprising. People do not feel sure that the election will settle anything. They do not know what is going to happen; but they do not see that it is likely to be anything different from what is happening now. The Democrats promise to maintain the pension abuses in full blast; they would very likely undo the form of the civil service; they would let the protective tariff alone, and they would probably tax the country as heavily as the Republicans. As a party they are pledged to no particular measure except the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.



CATCHING FISH WITH BIRDS.

and that most of them do not care anything about. There is nothing in this program to arouse enthusiasm; but the Republicans have little better to offer. A very large number of intelligent people would prefer a certain satisfaction in the election of McKinley because it would mean the defeat of Bryan, and they would like as much satisfaction in the election of Bryan because it would mean the defeat of McKinley. When people have nothing to do but to make a choice between evils of unequally equal magnitude, they are likely to be rather languid and apathetic.

A Clever Chap.

(Tit-Bits.)
Penn-That's Graves. He writes patent medicines. A clever chap he is, too. He can describe a disease so that the healthiest man alive will think he has got it.



BENJAMIN CAME LAST OF ALL WITH HIS WHEELBARROW FILLED WITH ROPE, AND BASKETS, AND SUGAR AND LEMONS AND TUBS AND GLASSES.

thought it was time to pay back some of the invitations.

"But it will be such a bother," said the ant's uncle, when he heard about it. "Don't be foolish, now," replied the ant's aunt, "we cannot go in society without going to some trouble."

So the ant's uncle said that it would be all right, for he always said something of that kind when his wife talked about giving a party.

He was sleeping early the next morning, when his wife woke him and said: "Benjamin, Benjamin, did you remember to get the lemons and the sugar?"

"No," replied the ant's uncle, as he rolled over again in bed. "The grocery store was closed."

"Then you will have to go into the kitchen of the man's house and get as much as you can carry before the cook gets up."

"The last time I was there," muttered Benjamin, "I nearly got blown up with the keystone man."

By the time the ant's uncle got back to his house he found more than a hundred ants of all kinds walking up and down and carrying all kinds of provisions.

"You are very late," said the ant's aunt. "What did you stop and see the spider about?"

Benjamin had forgotten all about the swing, so he had to go back to where the spider kept a shop, and he came back after a while with a wheelbarrow loaded down with rope. The ants came last of all with his wheelbarrow filled with rope and baskets and sugar and lemons and tubs and glasses and everything which might be used on a picnic. The ants walked on until they came to a bare spot in the middle of the woods, and there they stopped and put down their bundles and baskets.

"This will be a nice place to set the table," said the ant's aunt. "Now, Benjamin, while I am doing all the work, suppose you go, and put up the swing for the children, and get some of those mosquitoes ate them. The men and women were eating pickles and dry sandwiches and trying to look happy. Uncle Benjamin hurried down the middle of the tablecloth and calling, "Children! Children! Come here! Come here! Where are you?" he went he heard some of those miserable little children who had run away from their own picnic. He found them sitting on the edge of a sponge cake, dancing on their feet and kicking holes in the icing.



He Took the Rope and Boards and Things and Put Up 163 Swings.

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The ant's uncle said something underneath his breath and then he took the

HOW WAS IT TO KNOW THAT IT WAS A CUSTARD PIE?

ropes and the boards and things and put up 163 swings. He hurt his knee and sprained his back and cut his fingers. He also stabbed his toes.

"You needn't feel so badly about hurting your toes," said a centipede who was going past, "suppose you had toes on 100 feet to stub, then you could afford to talk."

The ant's uncle returned to the place where the table was being set. He threw his hat over on the grass and sat down, saying, "I am very tired and a little rest would do me a great deal of good."

"Benjamin, Benjamin," cried the ant's aunt, "how could you do such a thing?"

"Why, just you see what Uncle Benjamin did," cried all the small ants at once.

"You ought not to be so careless," replied Benjamin. "How was I to know that it was a custard pie? I thought it was a nice cushion you put there before me."

The ant's uncle started to get his hat and walk away. He had not gone very

Ann has come back and she says that nearly a dozen of the children started to climb a mountain and go to where the spider kept a shop, and he came back after a while with a wheelbarrow loaded down with rope. The ants came last of all with his wheelbarrow filled with rope and baskets and sugar and lemons and tubs and glasses and everything which might be used on a picnic. The ants walked on until they came to a bare spot in the middle of the woods, and there they stopped and put down their bundles and baskets.



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Where Postal Cards Are Made.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)
The modest plant that turns out millions of postal cards every month for Virginia mountain town, high up in the Appalachian range, not far from the border line of Maryland.

The town is Piedmont, Mineral county, W. Va., and here the busy factory is little oblong sheets of cardboard on which so many messages of all sorts and kinds are written by all conditions of people. Here the cardboard is made from the fresh, sweet spruce trees; here it is cut into the regular size and here the cards are printed, picked and shipped, eventually finding their way into every state, town and hamlet in the country, and to Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

Fancy's Children.

(Chicago Journal.)
The campaign here is doing well. She laid an egg, Vincennes, Ind., with the letters "McK" on the shell. The campaign here, however, has a rival in the campaign spider, also of Vincennes, Ind., which has woven into its web the words "McKinley" and "Roosevelt" and is now at work on the word "Hanna."

We are watching to hear about a Democratic pig with a tail twisted into a D, or of a Democratic mosquito who has cut the whole word "Bryan" into the exposed limb of a bird man.

But we shan't wait in vain. As was remarked the other day, all the best campaign lies originate with the Republicans. The Democrats have plenty of imagination, but they lack fancy.

A Cautious Man.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)
"Is Graves a cautious man?"
"Oh, very. He always blows in a war-valor to see if it is loaded, and snaps any gun that is left standing around."

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Current Time Table.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east.....	5:30 a.m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east.....	5:15 p.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east.....	5:35 p.m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mt. Pleasant, Mant, Belknap and intermediate points.....	7:50 a.m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the west.....	6:00 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the west.....	5:45 a.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the west.....	11:00 p.m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the west.....	12:00 noon
No. 7—For Ogden and the west.....	5:30 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	9:30 a.m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	11:45 a.m.
No. 2—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east.....	5:15 p.m.
No. 8—From Ogden and the west.....	5:55 p.m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the west.....	5:40 p.m.
No. 3—From Ogden and the west.....	5:25 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west.....	7:55 p.m.
No. 7—From Ogden and the west.....	10:00 p.m.
No. 10—From Ogden and the west.....	10:15 p.m.

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Depart.

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Mixed train for Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus.....	7:45 a.m.
Mail and Express from Ogden, Mercur, Provo, Nephi and Mant.....	7:55 a.m.
Northwest special for Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.....	8:45 a.m.
Overland limited for Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco.....	12:30 p.m.
Limited Fast Mail from Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago.....	6:40 p.m.
Mail and Express from Terminus, Nephi, Milford and intermediate points.....	6:45 p.m.
Portland-Butte Express from Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points.....	7:50 p.m.
Trains south of Juab do not run Sundays.	

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Leave	Arrive
Salt Lake.....	Salt Lake.....
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
2:15 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
4:15 p.m.	6:45 p.m.
6:15 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
8:15 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
10:15 p.m.	12:45 a.m.
Trains leave from R. G. W. Depot.	
*Sundays last train leaves Salt Lake at 9:15 p.m.	

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Salt Lake & Ogden Railway.

Leave	Arrive
Salt Lake.....	Salt Lake.....
1:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
1:30 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
2:00 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
3:00 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	7:10 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	9:10 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	11:10 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	1:10 a.m.
Last train leaves Lagoon Sunday at 3:30 p.m.	

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